7:28

LOO QUONG.

How He Became a Christian.

An Address Delivered by him in Rev. E. B. Chaddock's First Congregational Church, of Fresno, Cal., Feb. 2d, 1890.

American Missionary Association,
REV. J. E. ROY, Dist. Sec.
151 Washington Street,
CHICAGO.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—

I was asked to speak to you this evening by your pastor, Rev. Mr. Chaddock. I shall be glad to do so and accept his kind invitation. But I wish I could speak your language well enough for you to understand. There are a great many things that I want to tell you about, our country, China, and my countrymen, and, no doubt, you would like to hear about them. But I have no time to tell you much on these subjects to-night. I will tell you how I became a Christian and how I happen to speak in this church to-night. It was in June, 1876. I was then in China, in a school. On hearing of the riches of the Golden Hill, which means California of the United States, I told my father and my teacher that I wanted to go to California, and would get rich in a few years, so that I might return home with lots of gold. My father and my teacher would not let me come to California at first but my heart, however, was so fixed that nothing could prevent me from going to the golden mountain. At last my father and teacher consented to let me go. It was in June, the sixth, I took a Chinese junk for Hong Kong, reaching there on the following day. But the steamer for California

was not to sail for five days longer; so I had plenty of time to go around the city of Hong Kong. It was a very pretty city and her harbor was full of great big ships and steamers that I had never seen before, and I was pointed out the great steamer I was going to take for California. Her name is the City of Pekin. She looked to me then, like a mountain, because she was so long and so big a steamer. I arrived in San Francisco on July, the 9th. One of my cousins took me down to the Woolen Mill on 16th Street, in San Francisco, where there were three hundred Chinese employed. While I was there a Chinese friend took me with him to one of our mission schools. This one was on 13th Street. There were a great many Chinese learning in the English readers, or books, some of them on the A B C. My first lesson was on the A B C, too. My first teacher's name was Miss Henderson. It was pretty hard for me to learn those strange letters which I had never seen before.

Inside of a week I learned them all. Then my teacher commenced giving me lessons on words and taught me to spell the words. This was also new to me for we do not have to spell in our schools in China. In a few months I got through my First reader. So I had to buy a Second reader, and she used to teach me on the Bible. I remember that my teacher taught me in the book, gospel John. It was a very interesting book for to study. Then I had my second teacher who is now in this church with

you to-night. It was Miss Worley. There is a Chinese helper who used to preach to the boys for a few minutes and lead in a short prayer before the school closed. I used to attend three Sunday Schools on Sunday. One was in the morning at 11 o'clock in the Presbyterian Church, and one was in the afternoon at 3 o'clock in the M. E. Church; the other was at 6 o'clock in the First Congregational Church. And besides I had to attend the preaching services in our Central mission house at 5 Brenham Place. The morning service was at 12:30 and the evening service was at 7:30. Thus I kept on these Christian Sunday Schools for over a year. Then I became a member of Bethany church of which Dr. Pond is pastor. Later on I was appointed to be a missionary helper in the same mission where I was brought up. After about six months work in that school I was transferred to our mission on the west side of San Francisco where Miss Worley's second sister is the teacher. After I spent three years in the West Side Mission as a missionary helper, then I returned to China with the glad tidings of Jesus Christ instead of the California gold, which was my first intention of coming over here. Thus I came home to my family with some things much better than gold. What are they? Why, they are the sweet words of Jesus. Right here I will tell you what my family and the people of my village think of me. Before my return home they had heard of my being a Christian here;

they went and told my parents that I am no more a Chinese but have adopted myself to be an American. On the day I arrived at home, no wonder there was a great crowd of people who were anxious to see me, whether I was still a Chinese or an American. Some of them looked at my hair very carefully to see whether it had been cut or not, and some looked at my feet. After they had looked at me all over they found that I was still one of their countrymen. Then they commenced to ask me all sorts of questions concerning the United States. I answered them the best way I could. Thus they have troubled me for many days. During my stay at home I used to spend my time in explaining Jesus to them. In 1885 I returned to this country. Then I was Miss Worley's helper in our Central Mission at Brenham Place, San Francisco, for two years. During the last three years I have been working in the country as an Evangelist, going among the Chinese on the Pacific Coast, from place to place, organizing schools for the Chinese. I can say to you that my work has been a blessing to our people in California as well as that of all other workers who are in the California Chinese Mission of the American Missionary Association. All their works have been a blessing, even to China. At last we started a mission here in Fresno, for the Chinese. We were told that there are no less than two thousand Chinese in your city. All know nothing of the salvation of Christ, know nothing of the coming danger to their souls. And there is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved, except Jesus, who is able to save all, no matter what race they are. For God hath made of one blood all Nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth. Now I must close my speaking. I suppose you are getting tired, if I should keep on. May I ask your prayers and sympathy for our work here. I have no doubt that you will grant them. Now my prayer is this: may God bless this church and its pastor, and at last may our work be blessed among the Chinese in Fresno. We shall be glad to have you visit our school some evening when you have time to do so.